



# MAVSOLEVM

OR,

*THE CHOISEST FLOWRES*

of the Epitaphs, written on the Death

*of the neuer-too-much lamented*

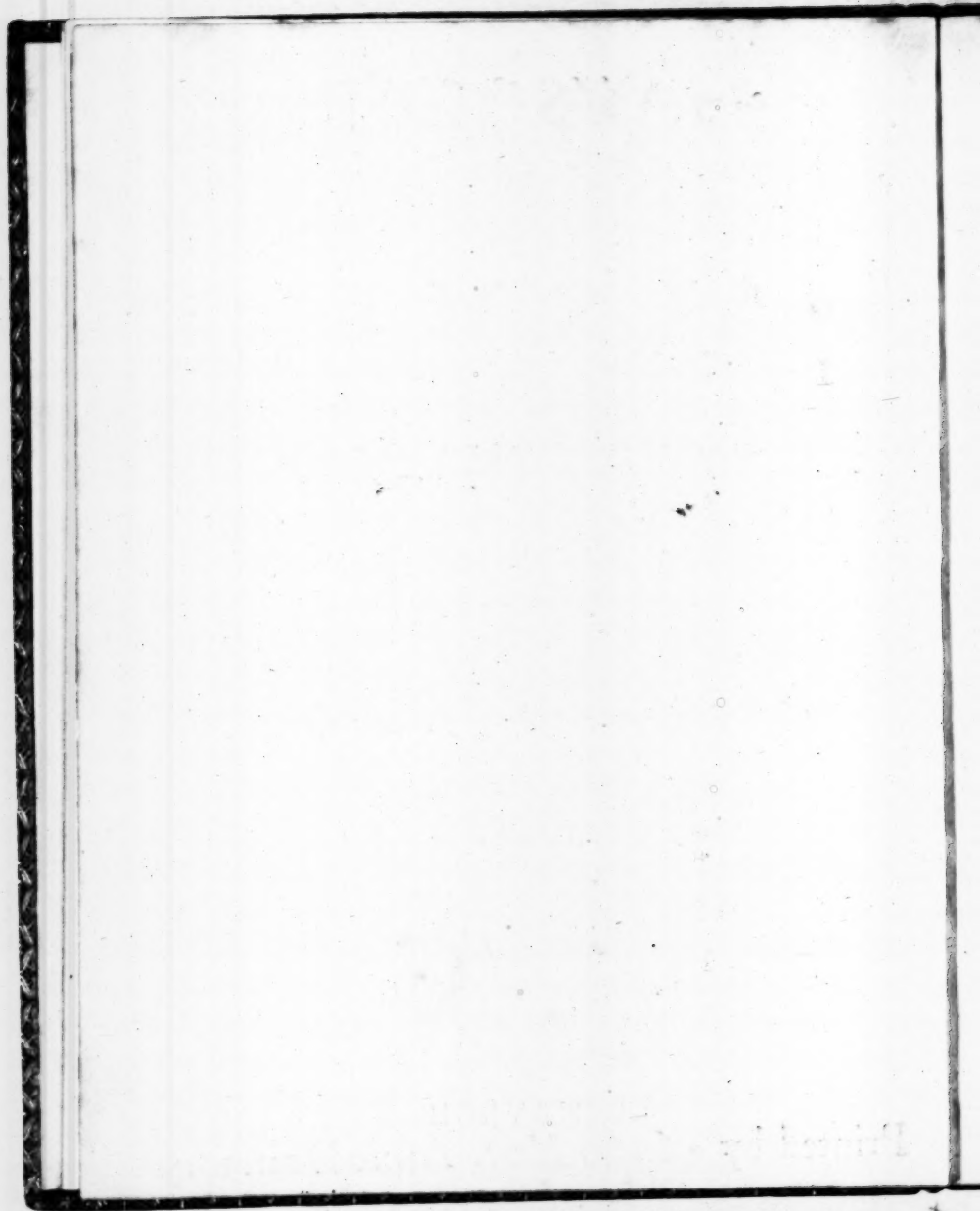
PRINCE HENRIE.

*Cosa bella mortal passa, e non dura.*



EDINBURGH

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A  
**MAVSOLEVM;**  
 OR,  
**THE CHOISEST FLOWRES OF**  
*the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the neuer-*  
**too-much lamented PRINCE HENRY.**

EPIT. 1

H

 ere intomb'd a peerelesse Prince doth lie,  
 In flowre and strength of age surpris'd by Death,  
 On whom, while he on Earth drew vitall breath,  
 The hope of many Kingdomes did relie;

Not without cause: for Heauens most liberally  
 To him all Princely Vertues did bequeath,  
 Which to the worthiest Princes here beneath  
 Before had bene allotted seuerally.

But when the world of all his Vertues rare  
 The wished fruit to gather did expect,  
 And that he should such *glorious workes* effect;  
 As with the worthiest Fame might him compare  
 Untimely death then from vs did him take,  
 Our losse, and grieffe, Heauens gaine, and joy to make.

W. Q.

2

O

 ccidit ante diem iuuenum flos, gloria stirpis  
 Regalis, Patria spes, columenq; sua.

Occidit ante diem, patri, populisque Britannis  
 Flendus, & his junctis sedere, amore, sacris.

Occidit ante diem, gesturus Principe digna,  
 Accelerasset ei ni fera Parca necem.

Occidit ante diem, virtutis & ubere fructu,  
 Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.

Occidit ante diem, si vota & commoda spectes  
 Publica, vel vitam si breuitate notes.

Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,  
 Haud jam, par Superis, occidit ante diem

Walter Quin.

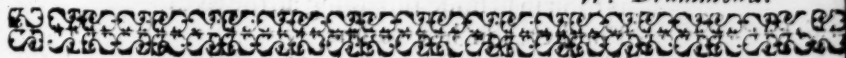
Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes,  
 The Paragon of Princes, fairest Frame,  
 Time, Nature, Place could shew to mortall eyes,  
 In Worth, Wit, Vertue; wonder vnto Fame.  
 At least that part the Earth of him could claime,  
 This Marble holds, *hard like the Destinies*:  
 For as to his braue Spirit, and glorious Name,  
 The one the World, the other fills the Skyes.  
 Th'immortall *Amaranthus*, princelie *Rose*,  
 Sad *Violet*, and that sweet flowre that beares  
 In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,  
 Spred on this stone, and wash it with thy teares.  
 Then goe and tell from *Gades* vnto *Inde*,  
 Thou saw where Earths perfections were confinde.  
W. D.

A Passing glance, a lightning long the skies  
 That vs'ring thunder dies straight to our sight,  
 A sparke, of contraries that doth arise  
 Then's drown'd in the huge deepes of Day and Night:  
 Is this small small cald life, held in such price  
 Of blinded Wights, who ne're judge ought aright.  
 Of *Parthian* shaft so swift is not the flight,  
 As lyfe, that wastes it selfe, and liuing dies.  
 Ah, what is humane Greatnesse, Valour, Wit?  
 What fading Beautie, Riches, Honour, Praise?  
 To what doth serue in golden thrones to sit,  
 Thrall Earths vaste Round, triumphall Arches raise?  
 That all's a Dreame learne in this Princes fall,  
 In whom saue Death naught mortall was at all.  
W. D.



OF JET,  
 Or PORPHYRIE,  
 Or that white stone  
 PAROS affoordes alone,  
 Or these in AZVRE dye,  
 which seeme to scorne the SKYE:  
 Here Memphis Wonders doe not set,  
 Nor ARTEMISIA'S huge frame,  
 that keepes so long her Louers Name:  
 mak no great marble Atlastreble with gold  
 To please a vulgar eye that doth beholde.  
 Phœbus, the Muses, Loue, hath raised of their teares  
 A Chrystal tombe to him where through his worth appears

W. Drummond.



FAire Britaines Prince in th' Aprill of his yeares ;  
 The Heauen [enamour'd with his springing grace ]  
 Rest to her selfe, for to enriche the Spheares,  
 And shine next *Cynthia* in the starrie chase.  
 And well enjoy he might so high a place ;  
 For frowning *Neptunes* liquid field of seares,  
 And this poore mote of dust that all vpbears,  
 To his great mind seem'd too too small a space:  
 Yet it his coarfe doth keepe; [deare pledge] ou'r which  
 Affections flammes huge *Pyramides* doth raise,  
 All grauen with golden letters of his praise.  
 But *ah* depriued of a gemme so riche !  
 Great *Britaine* now but great to all appeares,  
 In her great losse, and *Oceans* of teares.

Ignoto.

*Ciò ch' il Pianèta che distingue L'hore*  
*Alluma e cinge, e ciò ch' il gran Mar laua,*  
*Tutto quel è la sepoltura cava,*  
*Del magnanimo ARRIGO, ricco d' Honore.*

Ignoto.

WHy Pilgrime doest thou stray  
 By *Asia's* floods renown'd?  
 Or where great *ATLAS* crown'd  
 With clowds, him reaches boue Heauens milkie way:  
 Strange Wonders to behold.  
 By *Isis* streames if thou'l but daigne to stay,  
 One thou shall finde surpassing all the told.  
 For there's in litle roome,  
 The PRINCE of men, and *Man* of Princes Tombe.

Ignoto.

Here lies the Worlds delight,  
 Dead to our sight, but in Eternall light.  
 These nyne who by him mone,  
 The *Muses* were (alas)  
 But through his fatall case,  
 Are chang'd like wailing *Niobe* in stone.  
 She clad in Sable robes,  
 Who in a deadly sleepe  
 Such pearlie streames poures from her Christall globes;  
 Is *Vertue* that complaines  
 She wanteth *Argos* hundreth eyes to weepe;  
 Or *Iris* siluer raines.  
 That wing'd *Penthesilea* in the Aire,  
*Fame* is, his praise who roles,  
 Twixt both the starrie Poles.  
 With earnest eyes to skies, and Bay-crown'd haire,  
 Enstall'd on *Vertues* throne,  
 This Ghaistlie Syre that tramples pale *Despaire*,  
 Braue *Honor's* cald, who scornes to giue a grone,  
 For in the Programme of his life he reeds,  
*Mens Hopes of him surmounts ALCIDES deeds.*

*Ignor.*

10

*Crudeli crudaque Patri, Patriaque ruina*  
*Raptus, ut athereis inscrueretur avis:*  
 HENRICVS *modica (Sanctum Caput) inditur Vrna,*  
*Maximus Ille, suo ni genitore minor.*  
 Hugo Hollandus.

11

Death (that by stealth did wound Prince *HENRIES* heart)  
 Is now tane Captiue, and doth act the part  
 Of one o'recome, by being too too fierce,  
 And lyes himselfe dead vnder *Henries* Hearse:  
 He therefore now in Heauenly runes doth sing,  
*Hell where's thy triumph? Death where is thy sting?*

*George Wyther.*



**T**Wo Kingdomes strove for Intrest in one Prince,  
 Heavens claim'd me from them both, and rest me hence:  
*Scotland* my Cradle, *England* hath my Herse,  
 The Heavens my Soule, my Vertues live in Verse.

I liv'd three Kingdomes hope, foes terror, parents life,  
 I di'de their dearest losse, their joy, their endlesse grieve.

*Robert Allyn.*

**W**Hom all the vaste frame of the fixed Earth  
 Shrunk vnder: now a weake Herse stands beneath:  
 His Fate he past in fact, in hope his Birth,  
 His youth in good life, and in spirit his death.

**B**Left be his great Begetter, blest the Wombe  
 That gaue him birth, though much too neere his Tombe.  
 In them was he, and they in him were blest:  
 What their most great pow'rs gaue him, was his least.  
 His Person grac't the Earth, and of the Skyes,  
 His blessed Spirit, the praise is, and the pryse.

*Geor. Chapman.*

**I**d he die young: oh no, it could not be,  
 For I know few that liv'd so long but he,  
 Till God and all men lov'd him: then be bold,  
 That man that liv's so long, must needs be old.

*William Rowley.*

✱ *FINIS.* ✱



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